

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXI.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1893.

NO. 38.



Are you taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, the "King of Liver Medicines"? That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks joined their faith and were never disappointed. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never gripes, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy, and everyone should take only Simmons' Liver Regulator.

Be sure you get it. The Red Z on the wrapper. J. H. Zellin & Co., Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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J. D. KERNODLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, GRAHAM, N. C.

JOHN GRAY BYNUM, W. P. BYNUM, JR., BYNUM & BYNUM, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 1913.

Dr. John R. Stockard, Jr., DENTIST, BURLINGTON, N. C.

Good sets of teeth \$10 per set. Office on Main St., over N. W. Ker & Co.'s store.

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Hacks meet all trains. Good sing le or double team. Charges moderate. 2-28-93

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I am the North Carolina Agent for Dr. White's New Hair Grower Treatment, the Greatest Discovery of the Age.

It will permanently cure falling of the hair, dandruff, scaly eruptions, postules, or any scalp disease. It prevents hair turning gray and restores hair to original color, and brings a NEW GROWTH OF Hair On Any Bald Head On Earth. It is the only treatment that will produce these results.

Testimonials and treatise furnished on application. Mr. John M. Coble is my agent at Graham, N. C.

Respectfully, B. T. LASHLEY, Haw River, N. C.

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Since its enlargement, The North Carolinian is the largest weekly newspaper published in the State. It prints all the news, and preaches the doctrine of pure democracy. It contains eight pages of interesting matter every week. Send one dollar and get it for a whole year. A sample copy will be mailed free on application to

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Editor, Raleigh, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars, Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA (The man think that he is rich? Product your ideas, they may be worth a fortune. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C., for their \$1000 prize offer.

THE MODERN LEARNED MAIDEN.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To Vassar college, sir," she said.
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To Vassar college, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"To a female college, sir," she said.
"How may you enter, my pretty maid?"
"Solely by intellect, sir," she said.
"What will you do then, my pretty maid?"
"Take an A. B. if I can," she said.
"Then won't you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"May, we'll be teachers, sir," she said.
"What will you do then, my pretty maid?"
"I shall be master of arts," she said.
"Then won't you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"You would be master of me," she said.
"What will you do then, my pretty maid?"
"I'll be a Ph. D., sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.
"What will you do then, my pretty maid?"
"I'll be a Ph. D., sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.
"What will you do then, my pretty maid?"
"I'll be a Ph. D., sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A KISS IN THE DARK

The first error was a distinct human one, feminine particularly—that of not being satisfied with good things and letting well enough alone, "well enough" being in this case a first lieutenant of more than ordinary attractions. There are, however, few women who are satisfied when only one man is the captive of their charms. They prefer a dozen sonpirants to one, even if they are themselves enamored of the one.

The name of the gallant soldier whose good fortune it was to have obtained for his promised own the winsome daughter of Captain Foster was Appleton, his fortune was his own good sense and his pay of \$120 a month, his character the full idea of an officer and a gentleman. As for his appearance, it was all that even Miss Foster, who might have had the pick of some seven or eight others, could desire.

The only excuse to be found for the first error is that Miss Foster was very young, rather spoiled and not in the habit of being denied any thing upon which she set her rather uncertain little heart. Therefore when a very stubborn second lieutenant of the name of Saxo let her distinctly see that he was not to be captivated by charms that had allured every one else she determined that his pride should be humbled in the dust, even in the alkali dust of the plains. That was the said first error. What she should have done, as seen in the light of future events, was to have been happy in the complete possession of such a man as Appleton and have let all others drift with their own particular current of life. But then, she was just 18, and the regiment had made much of her.

Now, Appleton was not a jealous man. Even if he had been it is doubtful if he would have suspected what was going on in the mind of his pretty sweetheart, for she was something of a flirt and quite able to have two strings to her bow. She certainly gave all the time that he had any right to claim to Appleton, even more perhaps, and impressed him with the idea that he was the sun of her universe, which indeed was the case, only there were also a large number of more or less bright moons and small stars which competed with his glory. For Kitty was not untruthful in the least. She was in love with Appleton, and if she had not been so would never have made him think so. The trouble was that she was just a little in love as well with a goodly number of others. And how could she have helped it? They were all so awfully nice to her and seemed so fond of her. All except Saxo. He did not appear to care in the least and was devoted to no one and nothing except his commanding officer and his troop. Miss Foster was piqued and meant to "get even." Which was quite right, according to her lights.

The second error was unconscious. The commanding officer committed it when he sent Appleton off on a month's special duty and thereby left Kitty like a kite without a string, very likely to plunge out of its proper course and land on some unexpected obstruction. Kitty cried a little and was dreadfully sorry when Appleton left. She watched the ambulance with tearful eyes until it was almost out of sight, but as soon as it began to grow smaller she turned about, as it would be bad luck to look until the last. Her eyes were very dewy and were exactly the kind that look well in that state.

When she wheeled around, she came almost face to face with Saxo and only raised her lashes long enough to give him a glance of such delightfully bewitching sorrow that any other man would have tried to console her then and there and ran as fast as she could into the house. Saxo went on his way with a new admiration for Kitty, whom he had always considered a very heartless child. He was glad to see that she was capable of loving some one to the extent of crying over his departure. He did not wish he were the lucky man, however. That stage was yet to come.

The third error was very serious, and it was the usually recurring error

who committed it. He deluded himself with the fallacy that fire will not burn if you put on the asbestos gloves of indifference when you handle it. He felt sorry for poor, bereaved little Kitty and conceived it to be his duty to go over and console her. If it had been a disagreeable duty, he would not have shunned it, but it was not a disagreeable duty. It was the moonlight before tattoo he went to sympathize with Miss Foster. That was the error. When he left, he was glad that he had listened to the promptings of conscience. It had seemed to do the girl much good. She was really a far more earnest and womanly little person than he had supposed, not as shallow as one would imagine. She was bearing up against her troubles bravely, and he admired her for it. After he had gone Kitty went up to her room and sat in her window looking out upon the parade ground and smiled and counted one point, very much as if she had been playing whist. She did not forget Appleton. She cried again when she went to bed and took his picture to put under her pillow and lay awake for a half hour thinking about him, but when she dropped off to sleep it was with a distinct under consciousness of triumph instead of loss.

She went at her part in perfect cold blood and played it well. Seeing that Saxo was greatly impressed by the constancy and affection, she determined to act that role, for a time at least. Her natural paleness was increased the next morning by a black frock, usually despised for its simplicity, and which made her blond hair, drawn back in loose coils, full of a golden light. She looked at herself and was pleased. Several of her hopeless admirers came to her porch during guard mounting with the hope that they might see her, but she kept within doors until her watchful eyes descried the approaching form of Lieutenant Saxo. With a weary and listless air she went out on the porch and sat on the steps, with her chin in her hand and a pensive look that was not unbecoming. The bait caught the fish. Saxo had not come past with the intention of being again a consoler of distressed beauty, but—well, he stopped just for a moment and spent the morning with Kitty in sweet and low converse. She grew a little more cheerful at about the third hour, but not to an unseemly degree. Of course she had not the bad taste to mourn the loss of one man to the very face of another. It was only in her manner that her sorrows were observable. She spoke of books and chapel and sewing, was very domestic in a mild way and never became so interested in her game as to forget her lines. It was a masterstroke for her to decline Saxo's invitation to go to the hop with him that night, and she realized it. At 12 o'clock she excused herself to write a letter to catch the afternoon stage, and the man went away with the firm conviction that here was at least one faithful woman. He thought Appleton a lucky dog, but went no further.

As for Kitty's letter, it was quite a model of frankness, so far as the telling of facts was concerned. A woman can write a letter or tell a story, all the truth, in which no fact or phrase may be omitted, but with the position of a word or the changing of a punctuation mark, or even with telling the whole thing too openly, she can convey an impression very different from the real matter. Nor does she count this as dishonesty either. Kitty was not given to analyzing her sentiments aloud. She considered it destructive of the feminine charm of innocence. Nothing had happened that Appleton was not made acquainted with, and yet he was entirely ignorant of all he should have known.

Saxo persisted in his error, making it many fold, and in time Miss Foster came to the conclusion that the mantle of sorrow was threadbare and would soon become transparent, so she threw it away altogether. Saxo asked her to go to the next fortnightly hop, but she told him, with only a due amount of regret in her tones, that he had been forestalled. It could not possibly have been jealousy which made Saxo gloomy for the rest of the day, but Kitty was pleased to put that construction upon it and chuckled.

One day she told him that he was very like Appleton in appearance. "Do you know, if it were a dark night I couldn't tell you apart," she said, and Saxo was undecided whether to be charmed with the comparison or otherwise.

But he seemed to go just so far and no farther. Kitty could not understand this and was restless. She began to fear it was becoming a sort of Platonic friendship, and that was a thing she scorned, being convinced that only strong minded and unattractive women could indulge in them.

As the time of Appleton's return drew near she strained every nerve, without apparent anxiety, however, to make Saxo commit himself. He would not, and she marveled. It was quite beyond her conception of human motives that one man should

be so loyal to another as to hesitate to make love to a friend's promised wife. She feared that she was losing his allegiance, and in her fear took several false steps. In fact, she began making love to Saxo when Saxo would not make love to her. Under ordinary circumstances he would have drawn off at this, but he was past seeing any fault in the girl whom he had conspired so severely once. It was quite too soon for Kitty that Appleton came back, but she did not let him guess this from her manner.

Now, the fourth error was one which seemed to have no direct connection with the matter. It was the digging of a post hole in the wrong place. And the fifth error was again Miss Foster's. Of the three dances which she gave to Saxo she sat out two in a corner, half hidden by a garrison flag. Either a woman thinks a man a very bad dancer or else she has an object in view when she sits out a dance with him. Kitty had an object in view. There were just two chances for her to accomplish that object, and she set herself to the task with a will. Her tactics were admirable. First she leaned back with a dejected and listless air, answering only in monosyllables. Saxo asked her what her trouble might be, and she shook her head, with a sigh. He insisted upon knowing, and at last she threw aside all restraint and complained that being engaged was not at all pleasant—"one cannot see enough of the people—one likes." The hesitation said what her words did not. Saxo suggested that if one were really in love there should not be any other person worth seeing. Kitty's "Yes" was dubious.

"Aren't you in love, Kitty?" he asked. He had never called her by that name before.

Another uncertain "Yes."
"Besides I can't see that you are under any restraint."
"You don't know."
"It seems to me that Appleton gives you a great deal of freedom."
"Oh, he tells me I may do as I like. He means to be generous, but—I don't know. Now, for instance, I told him I wanted to walk back from the hop with you. You hadn't asked me, but I meant to ask you. He looked hurt and said something about his having just come home. He gave me permission, however, of course."
"Then may I take you back?" Saxo was beside himself.
"No."
"Why not?"
"Because."
"I fancy I understand. You don't want to hurt him."
"Yes."
"But if he didn't know?"
"How could it be helped?"
"I'm officer of the day tonight." Then he stopped himself.
"Well?"
"That's all."
"What had that to do with the matter?"
"Nothing."
"Yes, it had." And Kitty raised her dark blue eyes to his with more in their passionate look than a hundred words could have said.

Saxo forgot his determination and plucked on. "May I meet you at 1 o'clock, then, after I've visited the guard?"
Kitty nodded and hung her head. "But this is not fair to Appleton. If we are to do this, you must end everything with him and marry me. Will you?"
A long pause. Kitty seemed to be thinking. The waltz was nearly ended—yes, the last notes were wailing now. If she could put off the answer for a moment!
"Will you?" insisted Saxo.
Another pause. Appleton was making his way toward them. He did not like the looks of things.
"Kitty, will you?" repeated Saxo.
"I must think," she answered.
"I'll tell you at 1 o'clock."
The smile she gave him as she muttered this below her breath was assurance enough. Both were victoriously happy. Kitty told Appleton that she feared Saxo was badly in love with her and chatted on so happily that he regained his wavering faith.
Kitty went home and waited until 1 o'clock. She planned her revenge with delight. Saxo should be thrown over so calmly that his stiff pride would never recover. He could not resent it. It was he who had been treacherous, not she. At 1 o'clock she threw a shawl over her light gown and crept down stairs. She was badly frightened, a little inclined to turn back. Things were assuming a serious aspect. If she should be caught, it would be bad. Outside she waited in the corner of the house and heard approaching footsteps and the clanking of the saber of the officer of the day. His figure loomed up out of the darkness quite close to her. He hesitated and looked up at her window. Then as his glance fell he seemed to see the nuzzled figure in the corner. He strode toward it.
"Harry," she whispered.
A pause. "Yes," was answered, also in a whisper. He came to her and took her in his arms without a

word. He was too uncertain to speak.
Kitty whispered again, "I thought you mightn't come, after all."
"But I did."
"Yes," Kitty, with her head resting on his shoulder, waited for him to ask her for his answer, but he said nothing. This was awkward. She could not begin herself.
"You look enough like Fred in the dark to be his brother."
"Yes?"
"If your voice were not so unlike his, I should say it was he."
"Really?"
"Good gracious! Can't you say anything except in monosyllables?"
"What is there to say?"
Kitty was desperate. What could he mean? Again she forgot herself and reversed the order of things.
"You might kiss me at least, I think."
"Shall I?"
"Shall you? What a question!" and she turned up her face to him.
"And now I must go, Kitty, dear. Oh, Kitty, Kitty!" he whispered huskily.
She drew back. "Why, what is the matter?"
"But he was walking away."
"Don't you want your answer?" she ran after him saying.
"Not now, not tonight."
She turned and crept into the house. Then she knew what she had done. Chilled by the night air and trembling with fright she stood in the middle of the floor and looked straight ahead, seeing all her mistake and the shamefulness of it as she had not before. To accomplish a revenge she had come to this. She had thrown herself into a man's arms almost unasked. And the man had acted curiously. Small wonder. She sank upon the floor and sat for hours with her head hanging down. Then she undressed and went to bed, but lay awake until morning. She thought of Appleton now and how she had betrayed him, and she loved him more than ever she had before. It was a hard struggle between shame and inborn frankness, but she determined at last to tell him the truth in the morning and let him do as he liked, throw her over if he wished; but, then, he would not be so sure of that. Only her old role of dispenser of favors and privileges would be ended. If she would be he who would play the magnanimous henceforth. If only she could have back the crimson rose she had pinned on Saxo's coat if he wore to wear it the next day. Appleton would recognize it as one of the bunch he had given her and remember that he had told her of red roses meant love. She worried and marveled that she should have rushed headlong into such disgrace. This was one of those women whose tears come easily, but she had been too frightened and ashamed to cry. At last at reveille she sobbed away her griefs and slept.

After guard mounting she went into the garden with a scarlet face. She saw Appleton coming up the walk and paled with fear of what she had to tell him. She dropped her eyes and fingered a flower nervously until he stood beside her. "Oh, good morning Fred," she said cheerily.
"Good morning, Kitty."
A silence. Kitty bit her lip and puled at the flower. "Well, why don't you say something?" she inquired impatiently.
"I've nothing much to say."
She glanced up and saw a red rose pinned to his coat—a crushed and wilted red rose. She caught hold of his arm to steady herself. He let her hand lie on his sleeve.
"I only came to ask if you had any message for Saxo. He fell into a post hole that was in the wrong place just as he was starting to visit the guard. The fall broke his leg, and I took his sword to make the rounds for him. He seemed to be dreadfully worried about something as I left, but I didn't understand at the time. I do now. So do you, I fancy. Shall I give him the rose that was meant for him, or do you want it back?" He unpinned it and handed it to her. She took it and crushed the petals until a red stain trickled between her fingers.
Appleton watched her and lingered for awhile. "Have you any message? I think he expects one. You have none? No, you must not say you hate him, and you must not try to explain. That is all, Kitty. Pretty, faithful, little Kitty. Good-by, and it is good-by for always too."
—Gwendolyn Overton in Argonaut.

THE GREEK NOSE.
It Represents Art, Science and Love of Peace—Notables Who Have Had It.

The Roman nose is the nose of the conqueror. The Greek nose represents art, science and love of peace. It is pre-eminently the most beautiful nose. The Jewish nose signifies power of acquiring wealth. The Greek, for pure beauty, stands first among noses. It is strength, and seen in profile the outline of the Greek nose forms a continuation almost without curve or deviation of the line of the forehead, straight, fine, delicate, but neither sharp nor blunted at the tip. The Greek nose denotes artistic taste, great refinement, love of the beautiful, a contented mind, a peaceful disposition. The Greek faced woman will suffer agonies before she rebels. Once, however, she does revolt, she is a very queen in her power of endurance and will bear quietly the torture which quickly reduces the lower class of noses to cringing slaves' blood in the woman with a pure Greek profile. Be sure after one glance that you are in the presence of royalty, no matter under what disguise. The Virgin Mother has always been depicted with a straight, delicate, Greek nose. Zenobia, the Niobe, Hygeia, goddess of health and beauty, and Juno—all have the same straight Greek nose. Among contemporaneous women, H. E. H. the incomparable Alexandra, Princess of Wales, has a Greek nose and an almost perfectly pure Greek profile. The Greek nose lacks the aggressive qualities of either the Roman or Jewish nose.

In a man a Greek nose denotes love of art, poetry and frequently an exalted religious tendency. Rev. Morgan Dix has the Greek nose, with the rather long upper lip and firmly closed mouth, indicating great refinement, leaning toward asceticism and capacity for great endurance. The upper part of Dr. Dix's face is strongly indicative of idealism. Martyrs have had this cast of features and have died for a cause without a word. Phillips Brooks had a Greek nose, straight and clean cut as a Greek cameo. He, too, would have died for the cause he loved, if, indeed, he did not in the reckless pouring out of his strength which resulted in his too early death. But Bishop Brooks had the jaw and chin which could not let him be a passive force. Had he been martyred, he would have spoken with his last breath in burning eloquence for his glorious cause.

A small Greek nose upon a man's face always gives an expression of weakness, greatly intensified by an indifferently formed or retreating chin and further weakened in indications for moral strength if there be a dimple. Byron had a Greek nose, with a too yielding mouth and a dimpled chin. The small Greek nosed man of this type has little self control. He is often brilliant, but will be apt to degenerate into a dissipated but usually gentlemanly failure. Byron and Raphael had Greek noses. The former had a yielding mouth and chin, the latter a much more determined base to his face. Byron was a genius, but he made a sad muddle of his own and many other lives. It is noted that a Greek nose is invariably in art common to pretty women, fairies, angels and saints—never to demons, wretches or goblins.—Boston Herald.

Taken Quite Seriously.
Most of the remarkable adventures of actors that newspapers print exist only in the fertile minds of the agents, and what is more wonderful, the actors read these stories and actually believe them to be true. About four years ago the agent of Robert Downing, a tragedian, scattered among the country papers some paragraphs to the effect that Mr. Downing had discovered a number of historical errors in the New Testament and was rewriting it. It was a good joke, and nothing more was thought of it. The next summer the agent met his star and asked him where he had been.
"I've been working like a dog," replied Downing.
"What doing?"
"Great Scott, man, haven't you heard?"
"No."
"Why, I'm rewriting the New Testament."—Town Topics.

Fireproof Clothing.
Many deaths would be prevented if every one who finds it necessary to work near an open furnace or other open fire would wear combustible or non-inflammable garments. The process of making them is so very simple. Steep the goods in a 7 per cent solution of sulphate of ammonium or a 20 per cent solution of tungstate of soda and then dry them. If they are now held in the flame, they will not take fire, but simply become charred.

Love of Gold.
To cure us of our immoderate love of gain we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best, and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst.—Colton.

Save Your Money.

One box of Tutts' Pills will save many dollars in doctors' bills. They will surely cure all diseases of the stomach, liver or bowels.

No Reckless Assertion

For sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, constipation and biliousness, a million people endorse TOTT'S LIVER PILLS.

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BURLINGTON, N. C. MACHINE, BLACKSMITH SHOP, FOUNDRY, GEAR-CUTTING.

Pipings, fittings, valves, etc.

Southern Railway.

(PIEDMONT AIR LINE.)

FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS.

In effect May 15, 1905.

Greensboro, Raleigh and Goldsboro.		
East Bound	No. 28 Daily	No. 17 Daily
Lv Greensboro	10:15 a.m.	1:25 p.m.
Richmond	10:45 a.m.	2:00 p.m.
Hillsboro	11:15 a.m.	2:30 p.m.
Wilmington	11:45 a.m.	3:00 p.m.
Durham	12:15 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
Raleigh	1:00 p.m.	4:15 p.m.
Ar Goldsboro		5:00 p.m.
Mixed Ex. Run.		
Lv Raleigh	1:30 p.m.	5:45 p.m.
Clayton	1:45 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Saloma	2:10 p.m.	6:25 p.m.
Ar Goldsboro	3:00 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
West Bound		
Ar Greensboro	No. 25 Daily	No. 11 Daily
Richmond	7:25 p.m.	8:25 a.m.
Wilmington	8:15 p.m.	9:15 a.m.
Hillsboro	9:05 p.m.	10:05 a.m.
Durham	9:55 p.m.	10:55 a.m.
Raleigh	10:45 p.m.	11:45 a.m.
Ar Raleigh		12:30 p.m.
Mixed Ex. Run.		
Lv Raleigh	4:10 p.m.	10:15 p.m.
Clayton	4:25 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
Saloma	4:50 p.m.	10:45 p.m.
Lv Goldsboro	5:40 p.m.	11:35 p.m.

No. 25 and 30 make close connection at University to and from Chapel Hill.

THE SCHEDULE

South		
	No. 25 Daily	No. 27 Daily
Lv Washington	11:15 a.m.	10:45 a.m.
Charlottesville	12:15 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
Richmond	1:45 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
Lynchburg	2:15 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Roanoke	2:45 p.m.	4:15 p.m.
Harrisonburg	3:15 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
Wise-Salem	3:45 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
Staunton	4:15 p.m.	5:45 p.m.
Ashley	4:45 p.m.	6:15 p.m.
Hot Springs	5:15 p.m.	6:45 p.m.
Knoxville	5:45 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
Chattanooga	6:15 p.m.	7:45 p.m.
Charlotte	6:45 p.m.	8:15 p.m.
Columbia	7:15 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
Augusta	7:45 p.m.	9:15 p.m.
Savannah	8:15 p.m.	9:45 p.m.
(Central Time)		
Jacksonville	9:00 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
St. Augustine	9:30 p.m.	11:00 p.m.
Atlanta	10:15 p.m.	11:45 p.m.
Birmingham	11:00 p.m.	12:30 a.m.
Memphis	11:45 p.m.	1:15 a.m.
N. Orleans	12:30 a.m.	2:00 a.m.

North		
	No. 25 Daily	No. 27 Daily
Ar Washington	8:30 p.m.	8:45 a.m.
Charlottesville	9:00 p.m.	9:15 a.m.
Richmond	9:30 p.m.	9:45 a.m.
Lynchburg	10:00 p.m.	10:15 a.m.
Roanoke	10:30 p.m.	10:45 a.m.
Harrisonburg	11:00 p.m.	11:15 a.m.
Wise-Salem	11:30 p.m.	11:45 a.m.
Staunton	12:00 a.m.	12:15 a.m.
Ashley	12:30 a.m.	12:45 a.m.
Hot Springs	1:00 a.m.	1:15 a.m.
Knoxville	1:30 a.m.	1:45 a.m.
Chattanooga	2:00 a.m.	2:15 a.m.
Charlotte	2:30 a.m.	2:45 a.m.
Columbia	3:00 a.m.	3:15 a.m.
Augusta	3:30 a.m.	3:45 a.m.
Savannah	4:00 a.m.	4:15 a.m.
(Central Time)		
Jacksonville	5:00 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
St. Augustine		
Atlanta	8:00 p.m.	12:00 a.m.
Birmingham	9:00 p.m.	1:00 a.m.
Memphis	10:00 p.m.	2:00 a.m.
N. Orleans	11:00 p.m.	3:00 a.m.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.

Nos. 27 and 28 Washington and Southwestern Limited, composed entirely of Pullman cars; minimum Pullman rate \$2.00 per car fare. Through sleeping cars between New York and New Orleans, New York and Memphis, New York and Tampa and Washington, Asheville and Hot Springs. Also first-class coach between Washington and Jacksonville. Dining car between Greensboro and Montgomery.

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